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We sometimes — often — wonder at the superstitions of the ignorant ;
what have we for the superstitions of the educated ?

Joseph A. Haskell.

NURSERY RHYMES FROM MAINE. — The rhymes which follow were formerly obtained in Maine, by James Russell Lowell, and communicated by him in the month of June, for the purpose of publication in this Journal. It could then, alas ! have been anticipated that the lines would never meet the eye of their collector.

Little Dickey Diller
Had a wife of siller ;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sent her to the miller.

The miller with his stone dish
Sent her unto Uncle Fish.

Uncle Fish, the good shoemaker,
Sent her unto John the baker.

John the baker, with his ten men,
Sent her unto Mistress Wren.

Mistress Wren, with grief and pain,
Sent her to the Queen of Spain.

The Queen of Spain, that woman of sin,
Opened the door and let her in.

When I was a little boy
To London I did go ;
I went upon the steeple,
My valor for to show.

There came along a giant,
His head was to the sky ;
He looked down upon me
As he came passing by.

He bantered me to wrestle,
To wrestle, fight, and run ;
I beat him out of all his play,
And killed him when I 'd done.

Then the people said,
If I 'd get him out of town,
Gold and silver they would give
When the deed was done.

I took him by the nape of the neck,
His heels hung dangling down,

I gave a jerk with all my might,
And twitched him out of town.

And then I made a little box,
About four acres square,
And in that little box
I placed my money fair.

When I set out for Turkeyshire
I travelled like an ox,
And in my breeches pocket
I placed that little box.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER. — The second of the preceding pieces will be somewhat elucidated by the title of the following rhyme, obtained in Germantown, Pa. It will be seen that Jack is described as something of a giant himself:—

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

When I was a little boy, to London I did go;
I went upon the steeple, my valor for to show.
Then came along a giant, his head was to the sky;
He looked down upon me as he came stalking by.
He bantered me to wrestle, to wrestle, fight, and run;
I beat him out of all his play, and killed him when I'd done.

Then the people said they'd pay me rich, both in silver and in gold,
If I would drag the monster forth from out their city-fold.
So I took him by the nape of the neck, his legs hung dangling down;
I gave him a jerk with all my might, and I jerked him out of town.

And then I made a little box about four acres square,
And in that little box I placed my money fair;
When I set out for Turkeyshire, I travelled like an ox,
And in my breeches pocket I placed that little box.

The song of "Dickey Diller" appears to relate to the fortunes of the grain of wheat, described as the wife of the farmer, whose name is arranged to rhyme with "the miller."

W. W. N.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF FOLK-NAMES IN SOUTH CAROLINA. — Lord Cholmondeley, whom his friends call Chumley, and St. Leger, known to patrons of the turf as Sellinjer, are but two instances, among hundreds equally peculiar, that familiarize us with the extraordinary discrepancies between the spelling and pronunciation of English proper names. During a recent sojourn in the State of South Carolina, I observed some transformations quite as curious as these noted English examples, and with the assistance of Dr. J. M. McBryde, President of the University of South Carolina, and other friends, I collected a number of the folk-names that obtain in this and adjoining sections of the country, and whose spelling and